

T H E  
Good VVomans Champion,  
Or,  
A defence for the weaker Vessel, being  
fit for Widdowes, Wives, Maidens, or  
others, to read or heare.

Wherein is vindicated the bitter reproaches, and  
scandalous writings of some fantastick men, against poore  
harmlesse Women, and Maides.

With a carefull Wives good Counsell to a  
careleffe bad Husband.

By I. A.



Printed at London for Francis Grove, and are to be sold at his Shop  
neare the Sarazens Head on Snow Hill.

To all the good women in England  
of what degree soever.

**M**adam, or Mistris, Dame, or courteous Maid  
Your vertues here in brief I have display'd ;  
If you be pleas'd these lines to over-looke,  
For whose sweet sakes I pen this little Book.  
In spight of envie, who so bash did write,  
Seeking for to eclipse your glory quite ;  
But you, like silver Cinthia doe appeare  
Unto your Phœbus, usher of the yeare ;  
Or like those golden Stars so bright that shines,  
Which spacious Heaven in its Orbe combines ;  
To you, faire Soules, this Work I dedicate,  
Because that malice, vertue still doth bate.

I am no Pimp, nor Champion for a Whore,  
To usher Funcks, or in a Taverne roare,  
The wrongs of all good women I would right,  
I am your Champion, and for you ike fight ;  
My Sword and Pen your honours shall maintaine,  
Saluting you, I rest, yet still remaine

The admirer of your vertues,

I. A.  
The

# The good Womans Champion;

*Or,*

A defence for the weaker Vessell.

G<sup>E</sup>ntle Reader, or Hearer, I know it is a hard taske to please all fancies, and I am as certaine there are many snarling criticks in this age, that will out of their malicius wisedomes give a harsh censure on this ensuing Subject; which if they do I care the lesse, because the matter which I write of is honest, and in defence of harmlesse and vertuous Women.

Wherefore when I considered the manifold aspersions, bitter taunts, envious revlings, slanderous raylings, and malignant wranglings of some inveterate ill-bred spirits (which would be accounted men) against poore harmlesse, silly, and weake women, who are not able with that little piece of flesh, called their Tongue, (which is their chiefe defence or weapon) to expresse, or otherwise to vindicate themselves, in writing the injuries and scandals daily divulged abroad in fantastick Pamphlets & Verses, as the Bear-baiting of women, the Parliament of Women, the Woman-hater, the Gossips meeting, the Crab-tree Lecture, Vinegar and Mustard, and I know not what; for all these, and more are spitefully fomented

against that noble Her, of matchlesse & innumerable creatures, whose deserved worth to illustrate and set forth I cannot, either with speech, or in writing.

Those men I say, (whose tonges are like a double-edged sword, their pens made of Goose-quills, their inke of Galls, and their braines adled, who hath neither charity wisdom, or modesty) they surely forget that ever they came of a woman, or had a mother, who (under God) first gave them life, nourished them in her body, brought them into the world with paine, and like the Pelican, fed them with her own blood, and bred them with care & industry: such men may very fitly be compared to the Vlper, that destroyeth the wombe that bare them, and we all doe know that ingratitude is a Monster, and she which brought forth such an abortive birth into the world was surely delilvered before her time.

A woman was the most beautifull and rare piece of Architecture that eber was erected upon the face of the earth, and framed by the best workman in the world; for when she was first created or borne, she was not a childe or infant but a perfect and compleat woman; neither was she made of base earth or clay as man was, but of the purest of her Husbands flesh and blood, being a rib taken out of his side, and next of all to his heart, and therefore (in my opinion) it is against nature, nay against the Law of God, to abuse or hurt the same, being their own flesh and blood, as too many do, which is

frances maffeson her book  
in pair of mons & pord one

is much to be lamented; but here in the old pro-  
verb is truly verified, that the weakest still  
goes to the walls, and a low hedge is soon stopt  
over.

Therefore you satyricall Antagonists, and  
others, that so bitterly enveigh against poore  
women, if you would be pleased but to bie in the  
sacred scriptures, where you may find suffi-  
cient p̄mpe that they ought to have more due re-  
spect allotted them, then some of you will ac-  
knowledge, or professe they shoule enjoy; and  
although man be the head, and is ( or ought to  
be ) endued with more wisdome and strength  
then a weak woman, yet he ought not to tri-  
umph over, or injure so harmlesse a soul, with-  
out whom man by no means can subsist; for  
did not God say of Adam in the creation, It is  
not good for man to be alone; And further, God  
saith, I will make him an Helper meet for him;  
therefore shall a man leave his father, and mo-  
ther, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall  
be one flesh. Thus you may perceve how ne-  
cessary is the sweet society and company of a  
virtuous woman to her Husband, for she is  
his helper at all assiates, being carefull of her  
family, keeping him neat and decent both in  
waffen, linnen, and other necessaries, cleanly  
in dressing his dyet, and a loving Nurse to him  
both in sicknesse and health; wherefore a man  
ought to love his wife above all thz world, they  
being (as the Lord saith) one flesh.

If you will heare what S. Paul saith of a  
woman, it is thus; A woman is the glory of

(4)

man. And Solomon (the wisedst of men) saith, A  
virtuous woman is a crowne to her Husband ;  
now if a woman be a glory to her husband,  
how is that man bleſt which enjoyeth ſuch a  
wife, who doth crown his heart with variety of  
content ; ſhe, like the fruitfull Wine bringeth  
forth ſweet children (which are the blessings  
of God) being the fruit of their owne loynes,  
who preſerveth (if the Lord pleaſe) their Fa-  
thers name to the end of the world by their po-  
ſterity : And the wile man further ſaith, Who  
ſo findeth ſuch a wife, obtaineth favour of the  
Lord. O ten thouſand times happy is that  
man, that with a wife can obtain ſuch heaven-  
ly favour ; but Solomon further addeth, that  
the price of a virtuous woman is far above Ru-  
bies, and let her be as the loving Hind, and plea-  
ſant Roe, and be thou raviſht alwaies with her  
love.

It is the common cuſtome now adates a-  
mong moſt men to hearken after wiues with a  
great portion, & rich friends, never regarding  
how ſhe is quaſified, or wheſher ſhe be addic-  
ted to vertue or vice, but wealth is the chiefe  
mark at which they ayme, & ſometimes they hit  
the white they ſhoot at, yet come hom by weeping  
crosse ; but a poore woman, be ſhe neuer fo-  
rmerous, is not regarded with them ; but you haue  
heard her price, and how high a rate the wile  
man doth value her at ; yet for all this (though  
a god wioman be as loving as the Hind, and  
pleasant as the Roe to her Husband, ſeeking  
by all meaſes poſtible ſhe can to please him, ei-  
ther

ther with kinde and loving speeches, or pleasant and modest behaviour) there are some froward men (like churlish Naball) that are never contented with whatsoever she doth sayes, when a kind and loving husband would think himselfe blessed to enjoy such a treasure, & be ravished with the loue of such a wife.

If you will be pleased to heare what St. Peter doth say for wifes, it is thus; Husbands, dwell with them according to knowledge, giving honour unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel, being heires together of the grace of life, that your prayers be not hindered.

These words are to the husbands, that there should be a kinde of loving duty by them allowed to their wifes, and that they should live and dwelle together in civill and discreet knowledge, and not with wrangling, discord, and envie; for a wise man will give honour to his wife above all women for many respects; first, because she is his wife (and it may be hath borne him chldren) then as she is a woman, and a Christian; likewise he is to beare with her imbecilities (if she have any) because she indeed is the weaker vessel; for God hath joyned them together as one body, that they should both be heires to inherit the grace of eternall life; for where man and wife doth live in unity and peace, their prayers no doubt shall be heard.

St. Paul writing to the Ephesians saith thus; Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave himselfe for it. And in another

another place he aftereth these words; Husbands, love your wives, & be not bitter against them. I could heartily desire that some unkind husbands would take notice, and hearken to these words of the blessed Apostle, with what a tye he doth perswade and exhort them to love their wives, which would almost move a stone to heare; and I could wish them to mark with reverence, and to take it to their heart of whom he speaketh, and his comparison, which is the Church; for he contureth them by no lesse then Christ, the blessed Son of God, our Saviour and Redeemer, who gave his life for us, to redeeme our sinfull soules from Hell and damnation; this is a deep, yet a sweet perswasion to love. The Apostle also exhorteth Husbands not to be bitter to their wives but there are too many now adayes that will not hearken to his counsell, but I will use the words of Solomon, whosayeth thus; A contentious man is apt to kindle strife, and hatred stirreth up contentions, but love covereth all trespasses.

This saying of the wise man methinketh should quell those foolish mens follies which utter and write such invectives, and fantastic revlings, taunts, and iests against women, for these are those wicked spirits the Devils Agents, which soweth discord, and breedeth contentions, kindling the coles of strife, hatred, and disdain in divers families betwixt man and wife, never persuading to peace, love or unity, which shoudl hide and cover all domestick

wretched farrs or trespasses ; and they make as though a woman were but as a mere cipher, and stood for nothing, but let them know thus much, that a woman is worthy of a far better respect, for she is the vespell of eternity, and is (or ought to be) the closest o<sup>r</sup> cabinet of a mans heart, his summum bonum, o<sup>r</sup> his All in all, his chiefeſt ſecretary, o<sup>r</sup> his ſecond ſelue ; for (as it is ſaid) they are one flesh, yet ſome ſnarling criticks there are who wil not blinck to ſay, that unto a woman we ſhould rebeate no ſecret, o<sup>r</sup> that they hardly ever hoard or read of a diſcret, vertuous, o<sup>r</sup> wise woman. To anſwer them in brefe amongſt many, let them but looke into the firſt of Samuel, where they may finde it written thus :

Abigall was a woman of good understanding, but her husband Naaball was churliſh, and evill in his doings. Now, if ſhe had not bin a woman of wiſdomē & underſtānding, David had ſlaue her husband, and ebery one of his ſervants, (for his family was great) which Abigall, for her wiſdomē, David did marry after her husbands death. Also in the ſecond of Samuel you may read, how a wife woman ſaved the City from deſtruction when it was besieged by Joab. Likewiſe, did not Holcurnes and his ſervants maruell at the wiſdomē of Judeth, and ſhe afterwards ſaved the City (when he had besieged it) by cutting off his head. Also, Boaz ſaid to Ruth, All the city of my people doth know that thou art a vertuous woman. And was not Sufanna a vertuous woman, that would rather ſuffer death then yeeld to the viſious and wickeſt

Red Elders, Many more proffes may be object-  
ed against those envious back-biters, and flan-  
nerers of that worthy Her ; for a woman was  
the vessell of the Holy Ghost, which nourished  
in her womb, and brought forth into the world  
( the Redemer of Mankinde ) our blessed Sa-  
aviour Christ Jesus ; Also, did not divers wo-  
men follow Christ, and minister unto him, be-  
ing present at his death : to whom he appeared  
at his Resurrection : And did not Pilates wife  
fore-warn her husband to have nothing to doe  
with Christs death ?

Having thus briefly written of some vertuous, good, and discreet wives & women, I think  
it not amisse to say a little in defence of vertuous Virgins and Maids ; In the 22. of Deut.  
it is said, That they are to be punished that bring  
an evil name upon a Virgin ; and in 1 Cor. 7. it is  
thus, If a Virgin marry she hath not sinned ;  
and was not Jephtha daughter of Israell a vertuous  
Virgin, who willingly submitted her selfe  
for a sacrifice to fulfill her Fathers vow ? And  
did not Christ compare the five wise Virgins  
to the kingdome of heaven ? But amongst o-  
ther Virgins, me thinks I should not bury in  
oblivion the memory of our famous Country-  
woman, Elizabeth, late Queene of England,  
who for her time was accounted the Phenix of  
Christendom, and admited for vertue and wis-  
dom throughout the world ; She kept her land  
in peace, and her soureigne enemies in awe ;  
she was truly religious, for whitch the Lord e-  
uen blessed her to her end ; and thus much Ile  
say of her ( in spight of envious detractors ) she  
dyed

dyed a good woman, and a Virgin Queen.

Thus have I in brieft related some passages  
and collections out of the sacred Scriptures in  
defence of good, vertuous, and harmlesse wo-  
men, but if there be any that will not beleve  
the same, let them heare what St. Paul saith  
unto them; Unbelievevers shall not enter into e-  
verlasting rest. And now in my opinion it is  
unchristian, uncharitable, and immodeſt, for  
any man ſo bitterly to erreigh and write a-  
gainſt a woman, which naturally he ſhould  
love, cheriſh, and honour (for many respects, as  
is before ſaid) above all the creatures in this  
world. I muſt confeſſe that the conditions and  
humours of ſome fantafick men are fickle va-  
rious, & uncoſtant; they are double tongued,  
and fake hearted, they will protest, and ſay one  
thing, and meane another, as to too many god-  
women have found by iufulle expeſience; for  
when they ſue for love, oh, what diſembling  
teares, ſigned ſighes, deep protestations, ſo-  
lemn voweſ, large promiſes, and flattering  
ſpeeches will proceſſ from their diſembling  
lips - now many a gentle and tender hearted  
Woman and Maide hath compassionated and  
pitifed their Crocadillian teares, and beleved  
their perjur'd boſter, which oftentimes hath  
procured their ſorrow; for whensuch falſe men  
have obtained their deſires they grow care-  
leſſe, and ſlight a woman, as not worthy of  
their ſociety; and for their love, they are requi-  
ted with reproaches, harsh language, ſcorne,  
and diſdaine. But I ſpeak not this in ge-  
nerrall, for I know there are many provident

ness, and loving men, that giveth all due respect to their wives, and are carefull of their reputation and charge ; and I heartily wish that the number of such men were greater, for then so many god and honest women should not seele so much griefe, sorrow, and misery, as both they and their families doe now sustaine.

I could have written more amply both Divine, and Morall, in defence of vertuous women, but I suppose these few examples will give some satisfaction to the courteous and affable Reader, hoping none will dislike, or take exceptions therat, unlesse it be those carping criticks before spoken of, which hath written so bitterly and scoffingly against the worthy Sex of women ; but I could wish them to petition for peace, and to make their recantations, and to confesse their follies, for thus I salute them :

Blush foule envie, and give o're,  
Split your Pens, and write no more,  
Silent be, and hold your tongue,  
Sue for pardon, ( that did wrong  
Virtue, goodness, modesty )  
which kinde hearts will not deny.

---

*A carefull Wives good counsell to a careless bad Husband, in a Dialogue.*

*Woman.*

**G**ood counsell he're is out of date,  
( Pray Husband heare me speake )  
But if to me you'le give no eare,  
I thinke my heart will breake ;  
carefull thoughts possesse my minde,  
lodgeth in my brust,

My head is troubled night and day  
that I can take no rest.

*Man.*

If you will needs turne Counsellor,  
then at the Bar go plead,  
I do not like this Lecture well  
that you to me do read ;  
But if your heart and head doth ake  
you may lye down to sleep,  
And there I shall not heare you prate,  
nor such a coile to keep.

*Woman.*

You know how every one complaines,  
the world is grown so bad,  
All trading now is quite decay'd,  
no work is to be had ;  
And all provision is grown deare,  
bread, butter, cheese, and meat,  
Fish, roots, sope, candles, oat-meale, coales,  
the price of all is great.

*Man.*

All do complaine the world is bad,  
that helps to make it so ;  
And if that I no work can get  
then I to play must go ;  
Indeed my Purse it doth complaine,  
that victuals they are deare,  
But the Excise doth grieve me most  
that's set on Ale, and Beere.

*Woman.*

Alas, provision must be had  
if we a house will keep,  
And for to run upon the score  
it quickly will grow deep ;  
Our children, they want hose and shooes,  
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Our shirts, smocks, napkins, towels, sheets,  
all weare, and goe to wrack.

*Man.*

The Chandler I do know hath chalke,  
goe tell him I will pay,  
And though that I am in his debt  
I will not run away ;  
Tush, let the children bare-foot goe,  
the weather is not cold,  
E're thou shalt want ile pawn the sheetes,  
or else they may be sold.

*Woman.*

Good Husband take another course,  
for this is not the way,  
Our Creditors will have their due,  
or you in prison lay ;  
And those which now you think are friends,  
if you should need, or lack,  
Will all forsake your company,  
and on you turne their back.

*Man.*

That man which doth most mony owe  
his credit is not small,  
To thole I owe, when I grow rich  
I meane to pay them all ;  
My company good fellowes are,  
and each one is my friend,  
Hang mony, 'tis but dirt and trash,  
and it was made to spend.

*Woman.*

Wast not your coyne for feare you want,  
and that you should grow poore,  
Your Hostis, when your meanes is spent  
will turne you out of doore,  
She loveth none with her shoulde score,  
or any mony borrow,

T

To such she will this answer make,  
I trust not till to morrow.

*Man.*

Tush, tell not me of this, or that,  
thou lovest for to prate,  
Ile have my humour come what will,  
for basenesse I do hate ;  
Go wash your dishes, or go spin,  
and do not talk to me,  
Ile play, or ramble where I please,  
and ne're be rul'd by thee.

*Woman.*

If you this course of life still take,  
I shall not have a dish  
To wash, or any other thing  
that will hold flesh, or fish ;  
And I may take my wheele and spin,  
but you i'me sure will recle :  
Which is the cause that I and mine  
such misery doth feele.

*Man.*

What, dost thou think I will be ty'd  
alwaies to be at home,  
And have no recreation,  
but sit still like a monke ?  
I am not of that mettle made,  
but must be frank and free,  
And whatsoever thou dost say  
I'le not be rul'd by thee.

*Woman.*

If you would stay at home and work  
great comfort you shculd finde,  
It would be pleasing unto God,  
and quiet to your minde ;  
You might get mony in your purse,  
and have sufficient gaine,  
The bread is sweet with labour got,

your

our charge for to maintaine.

Man.

Art, do you preach, is this your text?  
your audience is but small,  
The breath you spend it is in vaine,  
grate unto the wall ;  
When I do please to work, ile work,  
when I do please ile play,  
And to the Ale-house I will go  
to drive bad care away.

Woman.

To drink and swill distempers you,  
diseases it will breed,  
And those which too much useth it  
have no desire to feed ;  
It spoyles the braine and memory,  
so doth your Indian smoake,  
Which stinkes, that all are neare the same,  
they ready are to choke.

Man.

A Foole, or a Phisitian,  
thou one of them must be,  
I wonder where you learn'd this Art,  
you have great skill I see :  
Good druk ( you foole ) it breeds good bloud,  
'tis meat, and drink, and cloth,  
Tobacco dryeth up the Rhume,  
and Flegme that is like froth.

Woman.

Well, I perceive my words are wind,  
my counsell you disdaine,  
All the intreaties I can use  
I see they are in vaine :  
But if you follow still this course,  
and all consume and spend,  
We all shall famish, starve, and dye,  
and so there is an end.

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FINIS.

